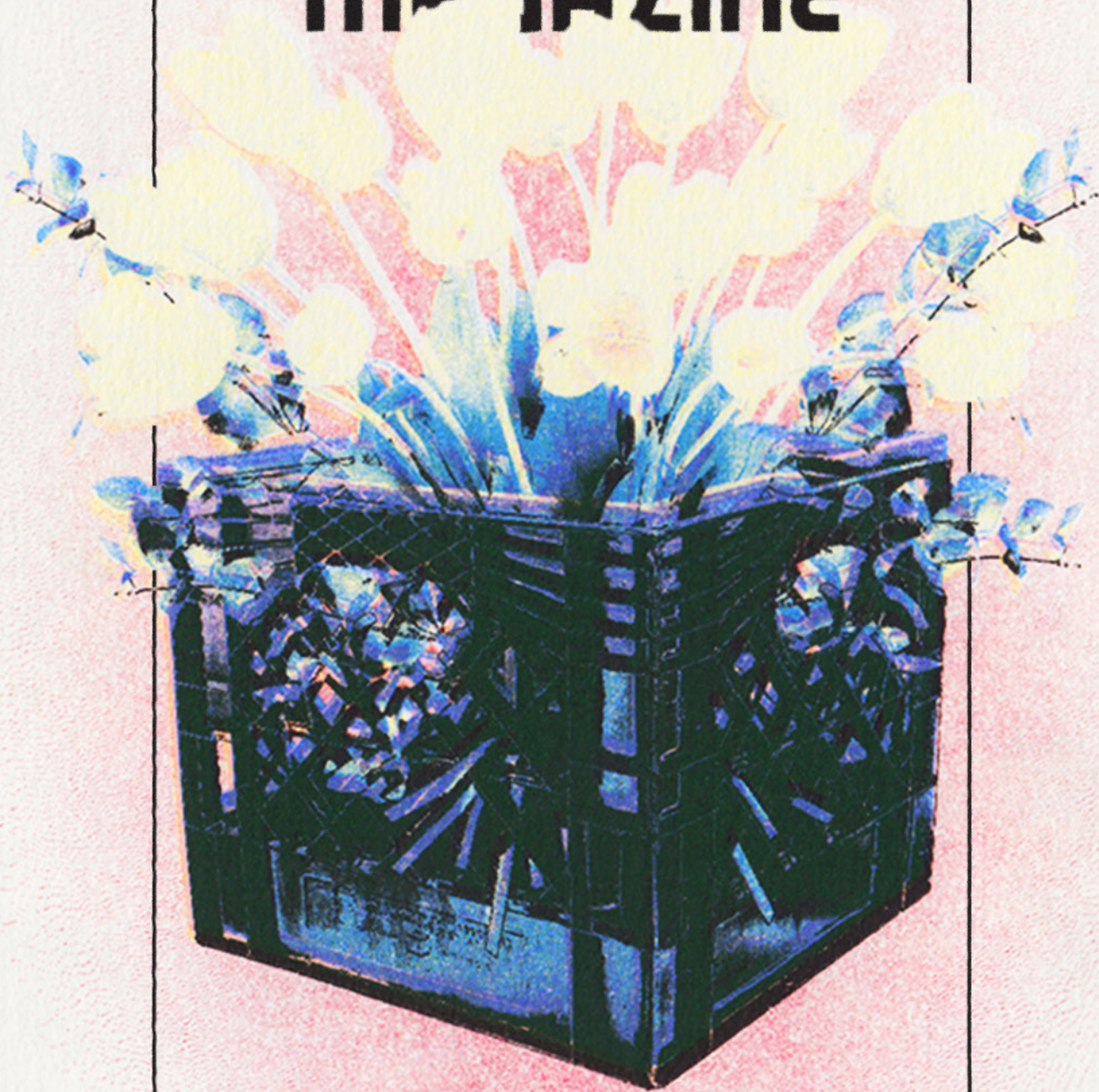


MISTER MAGAZINE



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MR.

EDITION
FIRST

2022

ISSUE
ONE

Letter From The **EDITOR**

Hello!

If you're reading this, it means you've gotten your hands on the first issue of Mister Magazine. It also means that you've helped this publication come to fruition in some way, big or small. I'd like to sincerely thank you for helping us make this dream come true.

Mister Magazine was born of the desire to create an accessible, loving space for art of all kinds. Our staff is composed of young creatives in our late teens and early twenties, faced with the incredibly daunting (and incredibly exciting) realities of sharing our art with the world. As we searched for new artistic spaces for our work, we wanted to see if we could cultivate a creative hub of our own.

On our team Zoom calls, usually held at odd hours due to the 14-hour time difference between members of our staff, we spoke about the vulnerability inherent in the act of creating, and later sharing, art. What kind of publication would we want to contribute to and connect with? What niche would we want to fill? Ultimately, our answer was one that emphasizes accessibility, community, and reciprocity. In practical terms, this meant: actively centering marginalized, young, and new voices; offering peer review and feedback to all submitters; and working closely with our contributors to create a final product our entire community could enjoy. Looking back on those early conversations, I'm incredibly proud of how Mister Magazine turned out, on the page and behind the scenes.

When we first advertised submissions for this issue, we concluded our call with the sentence: "There is space for you in this magazine, regardless of who you are, what you make, or how confident you are in either of those things." We never could've anticipated the sheer volume and variety of the submissions we received. Our contributors span over ten countries across five continents, decades of ages, and countless facets of the literary and art world.

Over half of those featured in this issue are new to the litmag scene, and are being published here for the first time. We hope that all of those involved have found a home in these pages. Thank you so much for trusting us with your work.

Until next time!

Poppy Livingstone
Editor-in-Chief



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THE LIFE OF A WORM IN New England

coaxed out of the soil
feeling the moisture seep into slick, slimy skin
and basking in the street-light-lit saturated concrete

your only worry being crushed
you're so slow and so small
and sometimes
a kind hand comes along
and the salty skin stings a little despite the intention
but you're soon on your way again

the rain soon stops and you feel the sun
(your nemesis)
on your back

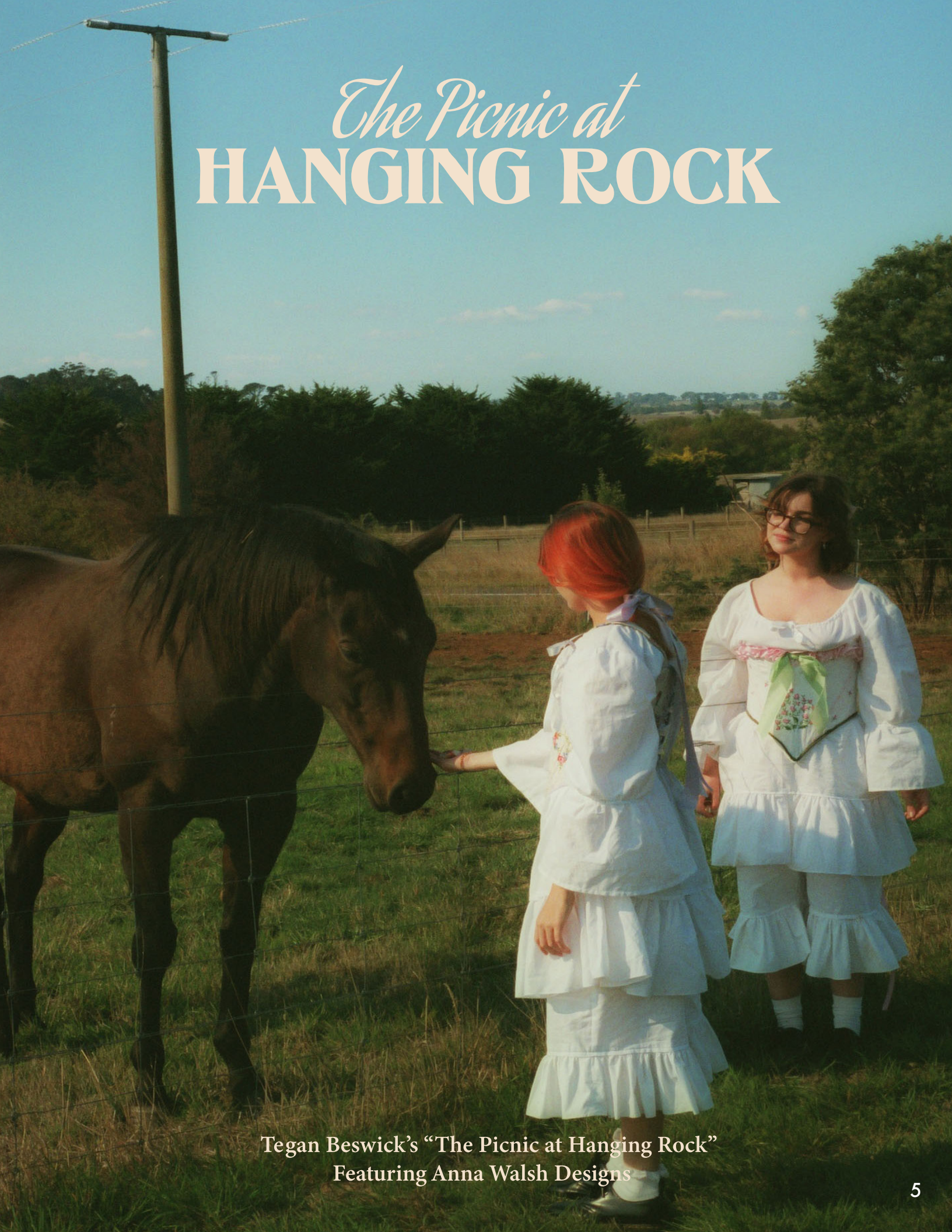
you try to crawl away from the light
not wanting to become the flattened, dried worms
from the sunny 70-degree weather yesterday

and sometimes you make it
sometimes you don't

you've felt the pain of the dryness thousands of times
and you've died thousands of times
but you always come back
in this slimy, tubular form
eating your own shit
and trying to live

and you don't know why

-Judas



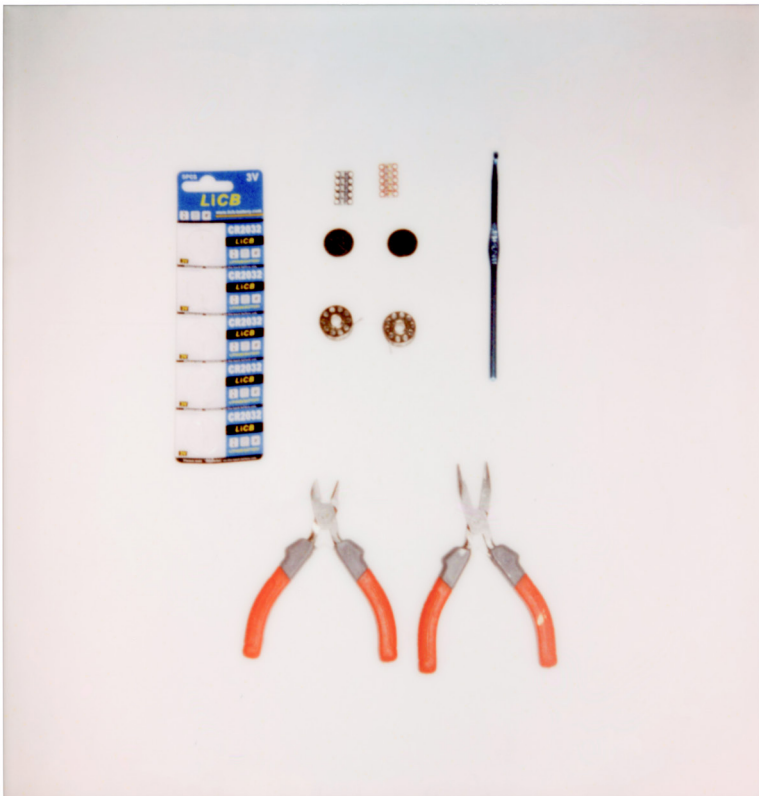
The Picnic at **HANGING ROCK**

Tegan Beswick's "The Picnic at Hanging Rock"
Featuring Anna Walsh Designs

SHELTER



EVA ZHAO



TEAM: Designed by Eva Zhao, Styled by Yasus, Photographed by Tdi, Assisted by Zhua, and modelled by Osaka, Shane, and Muriel. BRANDS: Balenciaga, Nike, Rick Owens, Fax Copy Express

I EXIST IN A ROOM

(after essa may ranapiri)

i am flat on my back. head hanging off the edge of the bed. watching modern family on low. texting someone in america. the windows are open. they play too much baby shark at the daycare next door. room smells like bleach and \$6 warehouse vanilla candle. mould is a bitch to clean. my laundry has been on the line for a week now. the blue of my towel fading in patches. got a plate with dried tomato sauce and empty cans of coke on the floor – i need to vacuum. there is dust on the wobbly white desk. there is dust under the stack of files i haven't touched since i moved in. someone stole my toothpaste last month. now i keep it in a mug on the shelf next to a stack of books i brought from home and books i bought from bennetts and books i bought off facebook. someone knocks on the door and asks about dinner. i pretend to be asleep. if i listen closely, the 7 pm rush outside royale indian almost sounds like being home. i don't have enough good reasons to leave bed until i run out of something essential like yorkshire tea or neapolitan ice cream. but i can manage to unwrap myself from my bright orange fleece blanket (that i need to wash while it is still warm out) for a midnight run to maccas with stephen. we talk about boys and the non-importance of them. i say nothing as he hits another curb. we laugh till 3 am, parked outside hope chapel on grey street. our voices are so loud and so bright i know god can hear us. i know god wants to hear us. he's never seen a happier couple of queers on this street. i leave a neatly folded mcflurry paper cup in the passenger seat of stephen's car. he will find it months after i have already left the country. he never cleans the damn thing.

ALEX, WHAT IS QUEER GRIEF?

I half-remember a story. Around lunchtime, a young woman knocked on the village medium's door and asked her for her fortune. The old woman welcomed her into the cool dark of her house, and why wouldn't she, having practically raised the young woman herself. They sat and she flipped over three cards. Just then, a nice young man was shot; under the full sun's eye, his blood ran out and caught the yellow dust of the road, and he died on main street. As for the tarot cards, the color oozed off somewhere else and they bleached white. The two women watched it happen. Then they had lunch. I'm sure García Márquez had more wise things to say than that, but I was only paying attention a little bit, and anyway it was many years ago. If I were to hazard a guess, I would repeat what many people with experience have said, which is that in the pitted scar left behind by the violent excision of our one good thing, there is still lunch. At high noon in the crater, some say, we can gossip and shame the gods for their bad decisions. I once dated a young man whose mom was a botanist for the state of Florida and an accomplished speaker to the dead. Metaphysics are naked before her. Her son was kind to me, but I honestly no longer know if I ever did, or ever will, find happiness with any pair of sentient khaki pants. Would I were she who turns her fearless face, studded two times with voided whites of skyward eyes, towards divine mystery. Who reads and judges the works of the gods herself. Down the generations, she passes on the confidence that the veil hides a deep and reasonable structure, and consequently guarantees her own survival.

“ON COHABITATING WITH ANGER”

No one look at me until I have my jacket on.
Now everybody look. If something is red it is angry
& god if I am not angry, like a chain on a dog, recently I have begun
taking off my shirts like they are my skin
I can never seem to watch myself closely enough.
If one more person calls me sir today I swear I will cause a scene.
Like moving water in a black & white photo.
Like the still & impossible bottom of the sea.
You lay down & I pull up grass because I need the sound.
I scatter it on your face and shoulders, like a love letter
your car crash breaths hitching & I get so angry
sometimes I nearly bite you in half. If I can only be defined by
who dies in my living room I might take off my glasses and evaporate.
But back to you. My summer noise. My giant devil.
I only love you & swimming away from home.
I only love you & seeing how much I can make you understand.
I guess I'm a scientist in that way. I mean, I write it all down.
My love on your love like a geological model
A slice of what people like us build lives upon.
Studies show that people like us laugh or else we'll cry.
Studies show that people like us are guiltier than killers
until we actually kill and then we never ask forgiveness
The real pain for people like us is getting there
and being turned away at the door.
I love you like water loves to sink into soil.
Don't look at me. I told you I would evaporate.

FIG DEPAOLO

"ALL EYES ON MOO" KEN LOMONT



GETTING

BY MATTHEW GREEN

Two boys sat in a lounge room and their world began to shimmer. They dropped an hour ago. A chemical tingle creeps. It wears ballerina shoes and plays beach volleyball with your testicles.

I couldn't tell you what Bert and Ernie were doing at the time. I was at work. But if I had to guess, I'd say it was giggling. In fact, they were probably so absorbed with their acid talk they didn't even hear Bert's parents pull into the driveway, who were back one hour after leaving for their weekend away. They said there was too much traffic on the highway. So they just came home.

Their plans ruined, somehow my two friends managed to negotiate the winding series of interactions that occur when parental sobriety clashes with what would otherwise have been a good time. They

declined the parents' offer to join them inside in the air conditioning, opting instead to endure the scorching heat of the garage. By the time I reached them, they were sweaty and peaking.

I drove them to the footy fields, and we kicked the ball around in the open air in what felt like an indulgent exercise of freedom. The arvo turned windy and cooled the trippers.

Bert studied drama in high school and was in all the musicals. He was actually pretty good in them, playing the side-character-funny-guy. We still bullied him for it though. The fact he was good made it funnier if anything. He's also lost a bit of weight. He bought a treadmill a while ago and we bullied him for that too, but he actually used it. He did most of the work, however, I still take credit for the motivation I provided. Now he's an

apprentice chippie and he's got a missus. I'm happy for him.

Ernie's got a bird named "Method" after the rapper Method Man from Wu-Tang Clan. Me and Ernie rent a place with another friend and Method lives with us too. She loves me. She's always after a cuddle. She backs her ass up on me like we're in the clubs. But yea - Ernie's a sick cunt.

Feeling a little left out, I decided I wanted to get on. There was enough cash in my wallet to pick up a stick. I asked Bert to contact God. We got a quick response from the dealer, and soon left for South Ponds.

I'm a nervous driver with passengers. Mine didn't seem to notice. I talked with Bert a little up front, his head on a swivel, observing the clouds and other motorists. Ernie was in the back and had gone car-sick-quiet. Suddenly, Bert received a text

NG ON

message. It was from God. He was asking for a lift from school. This was news to us. We had only ever dealt with God during the day and assumed he was the same age, if not older.

We headed for the school. I drove to the wrong one at first. Eventually we found it, picked him up and took him home, and waited for him out front while he grabbed the drugs. He took a little while. His parents were probably asking him how his day was. When he came back out, I handed him the \$25 and he handed over the weed and I'm pretty sure that was the last I saw of God.

The drive back went the same. Ernie rested his head on his arm and didn't say much. By the time we arrived at Bert's it was late afternoon. Grey clouds had formed. An eery light cast through the street. We leant on Bert's car out front and chatted a little. Mostly about how pale

Ernie looked. Bert's Dad came outside. He made his presence known and waited for us to strike up a conversation. We did our best.

After he went back inside, Ernie took a moment to vomit in the garden. A short time later, he decided he was right to drive home and left. Me and Bert hung out for the rest of the night, punching cones, and playing Burnout Paradise in the garage while his parents slept.

All this seemed so long ago, but it wasn't really. Still, enough time has passed for things to have changed, but they haven't really. Not for me, anyway. Not yet. I felt different about it back then. I didn't think about it as much. The future to us was something that loomed around the corner, as opposed to something that's worked towards. It wasn't coming to save us. Nothing was.

Maybe we weren't in need of saving. Still aren't. Either way, there's places to get to in life. Home ownership, up someone's guts. And it's you that's got to get there. Push ups that find something funny to say, quiet weeknights that make you more relatable to your operations manager. Proper meals. Clothes on racks. Things away.

Though whether we needed saving or not, whether it was the last of our ways, or just one of many, like any other, of cooked times blown into the trails of a smoky cloud, whisked away into the hot night air of smoking areas, or outstretched over dirt festival grounds, to be told again – this much is true: it was I who was the saviour that day. Not of lost souls. But of two boys in a lounge room.

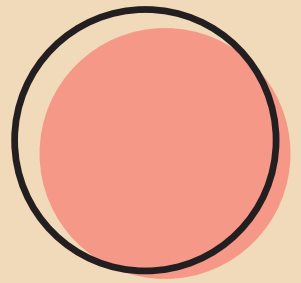
AFTON LIN

Illustrator, filmmaker, model, and content creator currently based in Kansas City, Missouri.



Dim Sum

A DIGITAL MURAL CREATED FOR PARLOR KC



"Dim Sum is a digital mural made for Parlor KC. It is a fun and eventful scene that is made to enliven the Cellar, Parlor's private event space. Because the mural is 29 feet long by 10.6 feet tall, the figures in the illustration mirror the people having fun in the space where the work is installed. Even though I was adopted into a white family, we celebrate Lunar New Year by going out for dim sum every year and it is always a great time to connect with my cultural heritage while enjoying good food with good people."

I am very young and I
am learning how to live.



the cold is gone for good and now we
can finally get on with our lives. we'll fight
and never apologize but there's always
tomorrow, and the day after that, too. old
things die away and new things grow back
in the same place, we know this. life will
end and it will end and it will end and
then it starts again, bright and blue and we
fall and fight but we are never cursed.

- Baylee Bulick

She told me I lose sleep over things
i can't control

I hope those bears we saw in
Yellowstone are doing ok

she pulled me into her office , she asked
how the applications were going
they're due in two months, you know

The cubs were so small

You don't seem like yourself,
you haven't been doing your work
lately

I hope they are big enough to
make it through the winter

He picked me up, I said
I didn't want to drive myself home

The tour guide said the salmon haven't
been spawning as much

He said we could pick up my car later

I hope the cubs have enough to eat
in the Spring

Are you feeling ok
You seem down lately
What does your therapist say to do
when you feel like this

We saw them right on the side of the
road
I hope they stay in the woods, a car
might not see them at night

The wire fence in my head is meant
to protect me
but things get in and they can't get
out

I hope those bears we saw in Yellow-
stone
are doing ok

- Nat Witschel



DO GEESE SEE GOD?

Lydia Tomkiw and Palindromes

Lydia Tomkiw (1959 – 2007) is criminally underrated. An insanely talented and unconventional punk-rock poetess, her work is charming and clever. It's also hard to track down. The intoxicating spirit of Christmas saw me spend \$33 on Dan Shepelavy's collection of her works, along with a biography and essays. It surprised me to see that one area in which she particularly thrived was palindromes. At first, I was sceptical of this as an engine for writing. I've always been a prose bitch – I'm demanding about poetry and plot is low on my list of concerns when finding a book. Vibes, images, and symbolism are generally my priority. The palindromic tactic by necessity limits those qualities. Say goodbye to pretty much every verb ("ing"/"gni"



is not versatile). Your "ch", "th", "sh", and "ck" containing word allowance is also decimated. It was inspiring to me how underterred Tomkiw was by this. This, despite how skilfully her more linear poems pull in and emit imagery. After trying my own palindrome poems, I realised

that the inhibition it offers you is a gift. For the first time in my skittish little life, I felt free, compelled even, to share my poetry. I hadn't intentionally injected any meaning, but it was there. The pallid arm of words I'd laid on the operating table, frontwards, backwards, sideways, shot with pure gut instinct upon each read. Certain words and phrases in our ever echo-chamberised social media feeds catch on. Sometimes The Feed feels like catchphrase after trite catchphrase. Conversely, palindrome poems offered me investigation and ambiguity; they

were a puzzle, they were always something new. I love when writers write about things being inarticulable because it makes us sound stupid, insane, and desperate, which is, in my view, our natural state. Ascribing meaning rather than transposing my ideas challenged me. It gave me the im-

pression that I was rooting around in a new area of my brain. I was blowing previously unseen cobwebs off. Maggie Nelson, another rule-making-and-breaking literary idol of mine, once said;

"I know what I want is impossible. If I can make my language flat enough, exact enough, if I can rinse each sentence clean enough like washing a stone in river water, if I can find the right perch or crevice to record everything, if I can give myself enough white space, maybe I could do it. I could tell you this story while walking out of this story. I could – it all could – just disappear." (The Red Parts, pp. 157)

Writing these poems helped rid me of this feeling. Slotting your own meaning into a palindrome poem, and allowing others to do the same, is like microdosing announcing yourself. Sharing them is inviting people to a play where the curtain is firmly down. Maybe that's a cowardly take on it, but lemming-girls need hobbies too. It's also a perspective I'm quite certain Tomkiw wouldn't relate to, but that's part of the magic for me. My other favourite thing about palindrome poems is that there are no shortcuts. The small selection I've come up with have

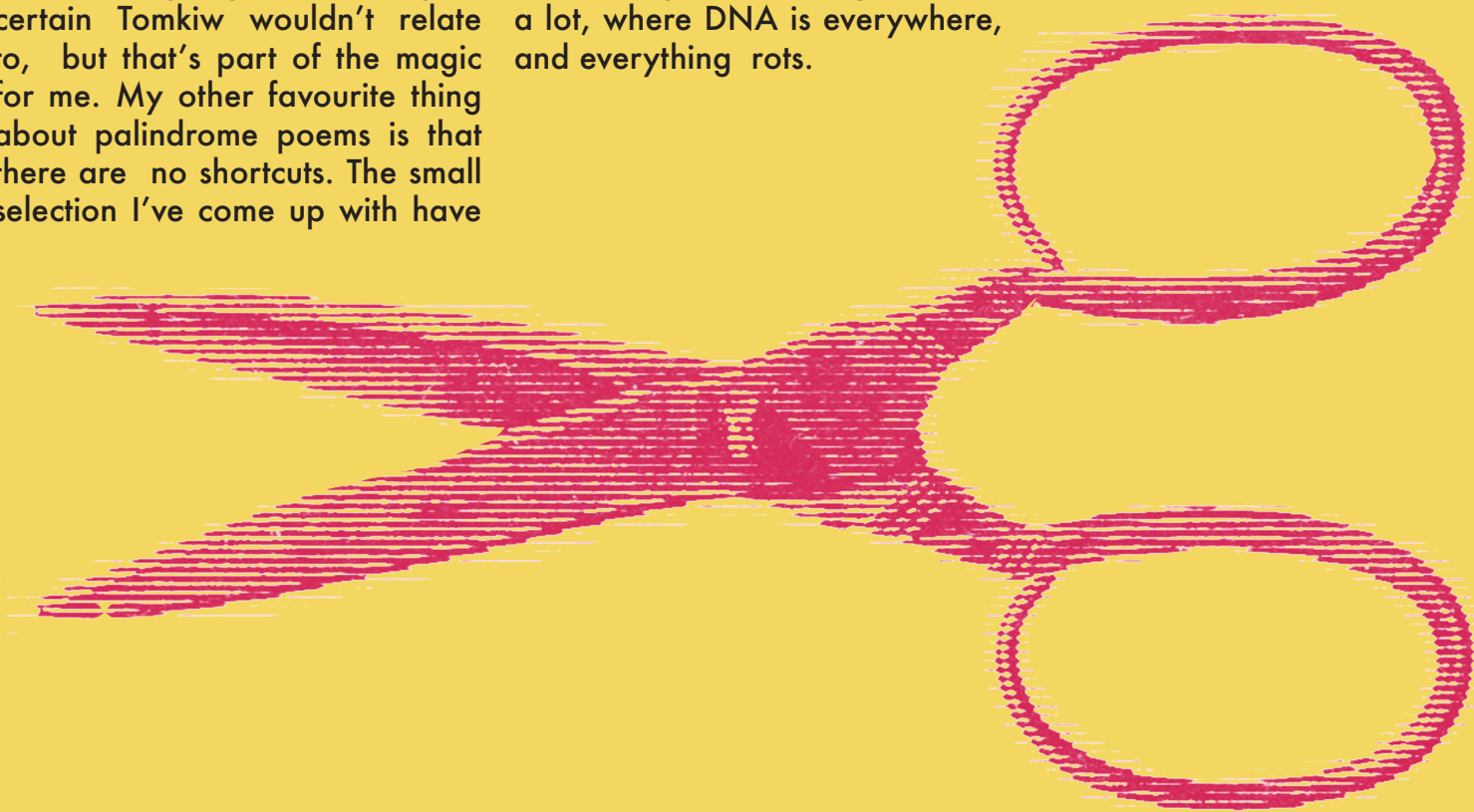
all been the product of sitting patiently with the telly/radio. Writing down interesting words, tweaking them until there's no spare letters, and making them somewhat legible takes days. There's more excess than proper material – I'm now the proud owner of several sheets of A4 that say things like "dirglacirtceleeht". Google reified Tomkiw's skill for me when I googled 'palindrome poems'. It was an underwhelming venture. Most of my findings were only reversable word by word, not letter by letter. Obviously, I took the difficult route. My references for these works are opaque to me now. The insane amount of cutting due to complete nonsensicality was frustrating but necessary. Plus, the sheer amount of time they took meant several shows flew by me as I picked out one word in a hundred to note down. On the other hand, there are images that crop up quite a bit because the words are easier than most to reverse. So here it is. A strange little art form that produces very little for a lot, where DNA is everywhere, and everything rots.

I.
sagas, deified.
storm, sit open,
deficit song.
balm, sire; muesli's not
tonsils' eumerism lab.
nepotism rots.
gnostic i fed
deified sagas.

II.
read now,
and war-lit
re: dictator
draw no raced art;
trade car onward.
rot at cider
'til raw dna
won, dear.

III.
rota bacteria.
trade tiramisu. sink nip. sleepy.
peels, sexes. sexes sleepy peels.
pink nisus. i'm a rite. dart! air, etc,
abator.

- by Naomi B.



IT THROUGH

a picture from the front and one from the back / it's a used model but still does the job / do you want to take her for a spin? great rev on the old girl great shade of red almost blushing makes you want to do you want to take her for a ride? a 360-degree video tour and a high-definition view of every possible angle wont you take the top off? feel some breeze feel some air through your hair through your wont you take your top off?

run-through second-hand / hardcore blasted through grainy speakers / hair up sleeves rolled denim dripping down your throat

an old girl but she does the job just as well plenty of miles on the thing plenty of rev on her she bites she pushes she growls she will bite your head clean off but the great thing is no trips to the garage no extra costs no need to put a collar on the thing she's as free as you let her be when you get her out on the dust and the tarmac and the double king-sized bed she loves it out there running like a wild dog with flesh snagged around each tooth bloody chin matted hair plenty of horsepower plenty of spit and petrol

mechanical thing / don't you want a ride?

made of engines and compact powder there is enough to go around room for the whole family all the boys too space for a child's car seat if you stretch the back folded down attached to the sides tied securely fastened securely even take a pit stop and catch your breath her by the hair by the teeth give us a kiss wont you love? give us a pound for the fuel or give us a smile wont you love?

no mind of her own / no system faults

- KATIE COXALL

BUSHRA + BUSHRA GO COLONIAL.

1

We are callous women, and we live in the dorms of planet Jupiter. One night, you drag me out of my embroidered sack, and bundle me up in my mother's leather jacket, in my father's cable-knit sweater. We are going on a trip, you say. To Ganymede, and to Callisto, and to Amalthea, you say. Anywhere you want, you say. Anywhere you want, I say. We are callous women, and our bodies have sunken into the sand. When we kick ourselves up, we see our outlines have fossilized- we'll fill 'em up with food and leave it all to the dogs.

2

We met at the witching hour, cornered into the loft by moon-faced pilgrims. The chocolate cake was saved by the British army, and the birthday girl is eating it all in hand-held scoops. The birthday girl is trampling it until it is flat and good enough. You tell me she's your friend from college, and I tell you the story of how she cut into my pinky fingers with safety scissors. I tell you the story of how we built a pillow-cottage, and decorated it with stolen bells. We made it alive with milk and candy and berries- a funeral home for the doomsday Barbies. Sellout Maria and Beanpole Joan- they sell for hundreds these days. College ghosts and Bullhead You - her man offers us water. We trudge into the river- something happened last night, I say. No, it didn't. Tell me what you did, I say. No, I don't want to. The waitress offers us water.

3

The couple next door can hear me wailing, and so can the alcoholic above- Venus is not so beautiful if all we have is our guilt. My guilt and your guilt stirs in the complimentary chipped-up water bottle; my guilt and your guilt is the dollar-bin DVD of a pseudo-porno. My guilt and your guilt is my mother and your mother; my guilt and your guilt is cupped inside your fist. I draw a diagram of my body and colour it in with a tube of lipstick, before tossing it back into the crayon bin. I draw a diagram of your body next to it, and you take the rubber pencil and broaden your shoulders. I roll it around in my teeth, and I lodge it in my throat; I'm sorry for leading you down this desert road. I'm sorry for not spitting you out, letting you paint me as the black dog. My guilt and your guilt is a looming figure; my guilt and your guilt has come to take us away.

Fatima Arif



'Living Poets' - JZ Sampson



Autopsy

When the day turns dry the air turns bitter,
The taste of dark on my tongue.
I spread your body across the floor and spoke
to God in your voice,
a delicate dialect, didactic and dim.
In the distance the firs are dying.
Each will go, each will grow. Come spring
There will be leaves on the spread of your
shoulder blades.
Each sunday I gather in a small
dark room with a tourist map of the east coast
flattened against the floor
and remind myself:
there is not a corner of the earth I can't find
you

- Lauren Sklarz

Sun Bleached Girl N.003



Clémence Agenet

[UNTITLED]

Jonah Paz

It starts to rain while Lev stares at his sunglass frames and breathes back at God from his pool chair. The flora of Annie's house and all of Maryland flinch under pressure and her soft faded reeds and leaves begin to atrophy and slump underneath the storm. Annie's house, which is giant and old, is on a plantation and sits basically in the middle of nowhere, where she would go every summer because she is rich and her family has three houses and the feeling of getting away from everyone was so important to her, even when she was three and seeing her third house for the first time. Summer before sophomore year of high school she decided she would go to the plantation house for a second time that summer, in August, with friends this time instead of her parents who were distant and old-fashioned and fine with Annie being at the Grandfather House for a week because her mother Ainsley thought the worst thing that could happen was the boys getting Annie's mousey friend Sylvia pregnant, which would have happened either way, and her older husband Grant said yes, distracted at the dinner table. The rain swells, and pullulates the pool and Lev's drink and accumulates milkily over his eyes. He takes his sunglasses off and is washed by the grayness, blinking suddenly, spumed and refracted like the mimosa water in his cup.

Lev and Annie met Junior year, and she had a big crush on him and invited him to come to the Grandfather house, which is kind of a stupid name, for basically a week with her and the girls and Oliver and Owen, 'who you know from the other night.' And

Annie had an interesting face and interesting friends so he drove up with them in Owen's car and Annie had the best summer of her life. That joy was completely gone and unreachable at this point, and not a single summer after that one could give her the high she had felt when everyone slept in a pile in the living room and she inspected his arms while he held her and fell asleep like they were in a coma together.

Annie gets out of the car she had just driven here in (Her pool is almost a quarter mile away from the house, reachable only by a straight and brief country road that it's easier to just drive down) and hobbles barefoot over to Lev, holding her sunhat over her head like an umbrella and then repositioning her left hand to her hip to precede the sentence she had been formulating weirdly in her head on the forty second car ride over. "Joseph is back up at the house and I thought we would make steak or something... for dinner... with the red bell peppers? Like stuffed peppers if that sounds okay." She had sort of already made up her mind about tonight's course, like she had the peppers on a plastic cutting board and the steaks on a wooden one next to the stove, which was probably as old as the house was. Anyways, excitement or any kind of precursory validation of her choice would be nice to hear. Joseph, her husband, sort of just went with everything Annie said, he was happy to have a hot wife that could cook, and might have been the most one dimensional man in the world; back at the house he was watching C.S.I. over the baby's head on the master bedroom's ancient T.V., laptop open next to him where his wife would sleep normally. Lev hadn't said anything out loud for the entire

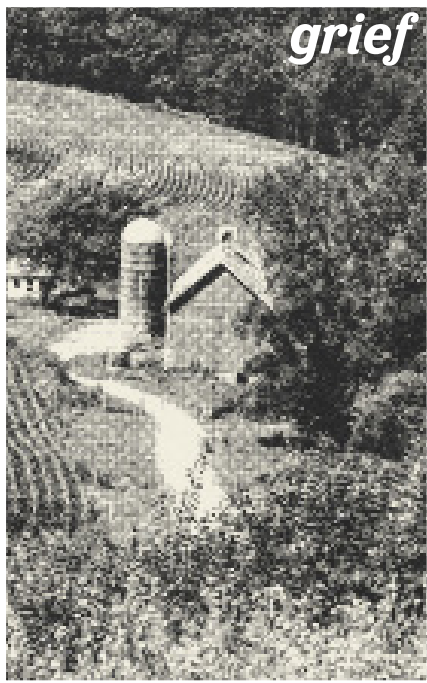


day, everybody had been wrapped up in their own melancholy, aware of the rain that was coming and stuck in a preemptive rot from the moment they all woke up. (Normally, there would have been more people than just Annie Joseph Lev and the kid, but it was really different this year, the sun hadn't been out at all for the past two days, and Lev leaves tomorrow) So he hadn't felt the need to speak at all. He shifts and looks up at her, and she smiles fake-meanly, and as he gets off of the pool chair and stands, he steps on the small book he left in the grass, now retrogressed and newly destroyed, like a soggy wasp nest.

In the bathroom which branches off of the attic space he has been sleeping in, Lev steps out of the shower and on to the old blue tiles and looks at himself in the mirror: He widens his eyes and dries his stomach and back in front of himself, and touches his hair inattentively, putting on the underwear he had placed on a stepstool next to the sink, and loose pants, which are pinstriped blue like a sailor's, floating into the bedroom to find a shirt. There is one

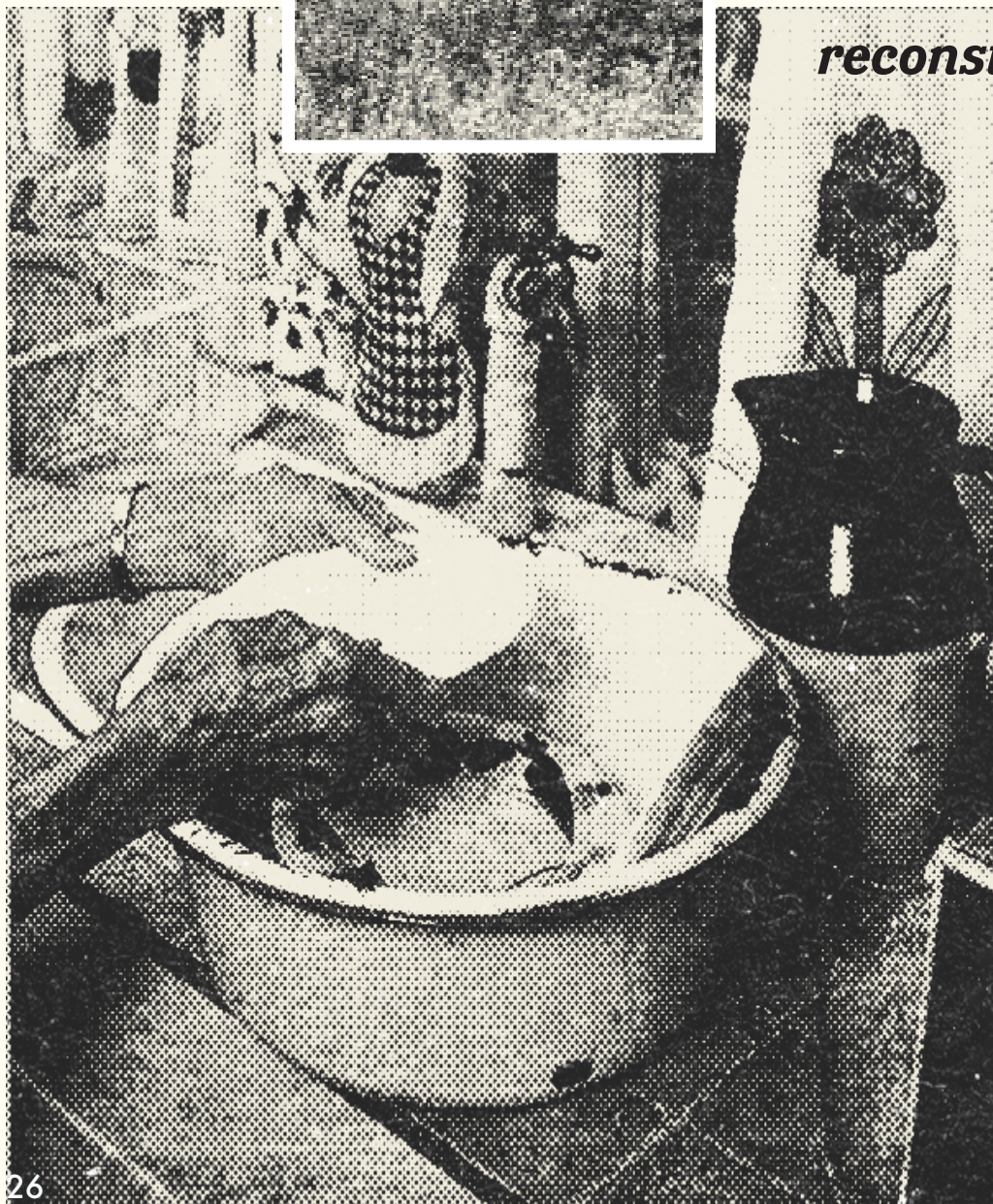
window at the top of the wall parallel to the bathroom door, suspended intersectionally between the roof, undressing a singular beam of light into a dress shaped prism of lulled white dust. It had been probably a decade since Lev had been in this room last; he and Annie kept in touch minimally after Coma Summer ended and he disappeared back into his own life while school started again, and Annie joined the swim team in Fall; it wasn't until May of the following year that they randomly reconnected when she saw him walking out of a store, and they spent a few days doing high school things with each other and driving around in the car her parents bought her. When she went to college she wrote him a letter once and they never spoke. Lev went to Annie's wedding when she was 24, which was awkward and pointless, and spent the night speaking with her gay friend Ryan who was plastered and a pianist and involved in children's musical theater; he and Annie spoke for five seconds and Joseph said 'Hey nice to meet you.'

A.R. VAIVE



grief is a garden

genuflecting, i tear up weeds
with stray curses, stray agonies
fortify the centerpieces because i cannot choke wither
keep the tomato worms at bay
allow nothing to suck from these bones,
these aches i have cultivated.
“they are mine” i say, “mine to eat.”
i chop them up, chop me up
missing fingers, dirty nails
sunburnt, i swallow this empty
and rest well, for what it’s worth.

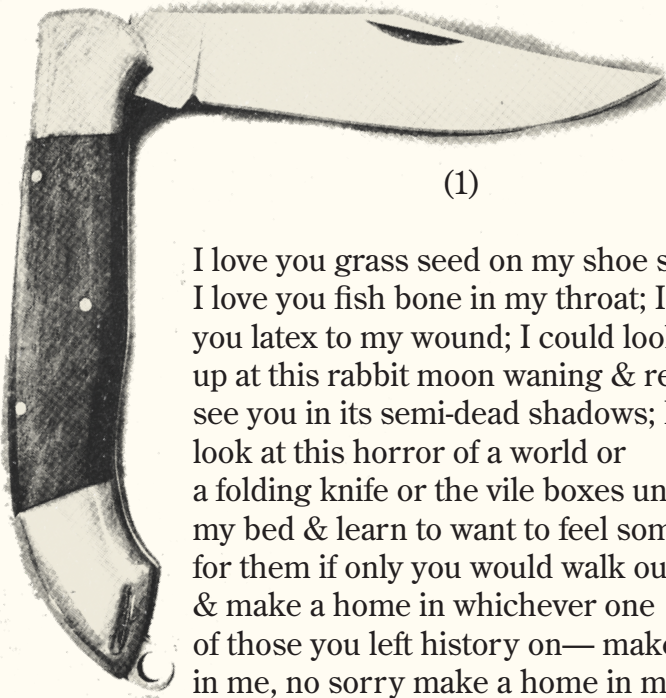


reconstruct / deconstruct

there were bones to be ground
into paste
euthanizations and haunted flesh
rotten home
roof beams as ribs, windoweyed
hospice
chimney breathing, stuffed, sick
bricks crack
a door is a mouth is a throat is a
uvula
you say rip it all out, gut it
autopsied
find the soaked rot wood
excise it
emancipate this house, this body
no. let it sleep.

please, just this once
let it sleep.

Disappointing Prior Walter the Thirty-Fourth



(1)

I love you grass seed on my shoe sole;
I love you fish bone in my throat; I love
you latex to my wound; I could look
up at this rabbit moon waning & red &
see you in its semi-dead shadows; I could
look at this horror of a world or
a folding knife or the vile boxes under
my bed & learn to want to feel some love
for them if only you would walk out
& make a home in whichever one
of those you left history on— make home
in me, no sorry make a home in me— one
& singular & real like all homes
like comfort like joy apparently; make one
beautiful home in our collective torment
I beg; please & thank you & love you.

(2)

If you wanted
you could do heat better than fire blood
better than heart bitter better than bitter.
This talent cesspool in your stomach acid
that's why I love you I think or I think
I love you; but oh my god & good lord
& the good working lung that I have left,
in some way or another or several I do love
you, pain in my ass! A shame shame is so
sweet; a shame we are dying because I am
going with you; a shame my heartfelt of
homes— for you!— are now rundown
towns. Still open though. Mold malls &
all. Cue surrender.

A SEPARATION

how do you separate the god from the sacrifice when it's always me laying bare-boned on
the altar, socks still on, marble raising goosebumps on the rest of me like a dot-to-dot of
where to cut
maybe we differ where gods don't leave bloody footprints when they exit the scene, don't
have to do their own dirty laundry, red separated from the whites, nothing pure tainted when
everywhere you've touched me I can still feel myself spilling out
how do you separate blood from wine? I drink from the wound sweet nectar and face the
parish, one last offering to make

PINK-TINT

decay and decaf in the morning to set the scene before the day's first dosage of grievances,
any of mine for yours
quick run to the store to assemble a day you'll remember
bloody noses illuminated by the fluorescent light of the cereal aisle, pink-tinted oat milk when
I finally make a choice,
I offer you bites of my heart for breakfast, you spit them out when the bitterness becomes
too much
spoon more wheat into your empty belly instead, delirious & languid
meanwhile I'm still starving
you spill some milk and I lick off stray droplets, smearing ruby with my meaty tongue
as dirt to dirt and salt to wound, I disassemble my body to find yours
later, I ask you to devour me whole and you call for the check, tell me to cook up something
fresh but each dish is poisoned by my treacherous need,
bake my sweet tooth into a pie to help the medicine go down — a toothless predator begging
to be let close enough to lick your wounds,
drunk on these ugly aches; my language a waxy smooth scream cutting through suburban
butter, baring my enormous desire right before bitter death finally rips me to shreds, drooling
sickly sangria juice on the freshly cleaned tiles, froot-loops dissolving crimson on the scene

CRUSH

in-and-out-in-hold it — never let it out again, actually, let your lungs collapse, yes, right here on
your friend's balcony overlooking the sickly green-lit factory at the outskirts of town where your
father worked until the moulding press crushed his left hand — or was it his right? no, it couldn't
have been because he used that one to teach you a lesson the summer you first found out what else
"crushing" could mean, not that the sensation was much different in its absolution — that summer;
your lungs a hollow echo, testing how long you can go until your chest burns with the struggle
but at least that's an ache you control, a desire you have a hold of — you gasp, breath in / out /
whatever, here or there, left- or right-handed; it never really matter next to you, a filter adorns your
friend's mouth like a vampire fang, they flash you a crooked grin, question clear; you nod, you're
here. you're not ambidextrous, you just learned to take with both hands.

POEMS BY
RU.TH



The Worlds Greatest **CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE RECIPIE**

by Salvador Makara

2 sticks of butter, softened
1 cup and 1/4 of brown sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon of vanilla
2 and 1/2 cups of flour
1 bag of chocolate chips
1 complicated relationship with your mother

Prepare a mixing bowl. Place in your butter and your brown sugar. Ignore your mother hounding you about forgetting to remind her to buy more brown sugar. Mix until your mother says it's just right.

Add in your egg. Beg your mother to let you crack it, remind her that you're a big kid now, that you can do it on your own. Watch as she guides your hand to the edge of the counter. Watch as she puts her trust in you to do the job and do it right. Crack the egg near perfectly, look at her smile, listen as she tells you you've done good. It will be the last time you hear it for a long time. Mix until your mother says it's just right.

Begin to add in the exact amount of vanilla, but prepare for the measuring spoons to be snatched from your hands. Take notes as you watch your mother pour in more vanilla than you deem necessary. Look into her

eyes as she says "you can never stifle vanilla."

Store her words in a corner of your mind, you will use them later. Mix until your mother says it's just right.

Add in your flour, one cup at a time. Let mom beam at you when you cover the bowl with oven mitts as the electric mixer folds the flour in. Her comments on your "intuitiveness" will encourage you when you know what the word means. Spill the last 1/2 cup of flour on yourself and laugh along with her. Your later mistakes will not be treated so lightly, and you will understand why. But you will miss the laughter. Mix until doughy. She will trust your instincts on this.

While the last bit of flour is being worked in, add in the bag of chocolate chips. Tap your mother's shoulder and ask her to cup her hands. Pour in some chocolate chips for her, and give yourself a few as well. Kiss her cheek and hug her tight. Allow her to take full control of the mixer and snatch a ball of dough almost bigger than your hand. Run out of the kitchen laughing. She will handle the rest. Take a piece of the dough you stole and give it to her, thank her for letting you help. Let her pick you up and kiss your face. It is one of the last time you will get this luxury.

"A short documentary I made about
my mom and the worst thing i've done to her"

I WISH YOU WERE MY MOTHER



FILM BY
KRYSTA LEI



SUMMER OF WORSHIPPING TREES

Despite their staggering size, Sequoias have shallow root systems—it's the closeness, the fusing of their roots that keeps them upright, connected. Sweaty hikers move through to the next pit stop, not stopping to stroke those terracotta trunks, passing the way hard feelings do when you walk far enough—and between a grove of giant redwoods, we stood there with our heads craned back, mouths open in a sweltering summer. The signage said NATIONAL MONUMENT when we arrived, like this is the place where love means the most, for the aching travelers, for the lovers coming to be felled by something bigger than themselves. We stared up at 300-foot arrows pointing us to impossible heavens and they said *Look, this is it*, and we are not sure what they mean—Is it knowing we're not revered like the nation's greatest living things, but still being clean, still relieved that we are loved inside these bodies anyway?—Well, I loved the trees then and I love them now, those emotional beasts that sometimes, by some miracle, they will bend towards another, two gigantic bodies fusing at their bases, enmeshed—
At a table with you, in the center of a valley where the only extraordinary bodies are our own. You don't know it—because you've severed your humiliation by talking about God, and we've talked about this, so we've talked about everything. So I bring up California and her Giant Sequoias, if you've ever heard about their root systems and their bending, about the way they love each other in those groves. And God, this is it.

- Nailea Salazar

WE LEAVE THE AUDITORIUM WITH A BIG STAR FIZZING

in the back of our throats, because it has been a year of funerals,
because we tend to get what we want when we live hard enough
in times like these, surrounded by people in dresses, faces
flushed, bodies dancing around the boulevard
and waiting for strangers to sweep them off their aching feet,
singing all the way down to an IHOP. My sister and I, stranded
against a brick wall and imagining belly-laugh
over a stack of pancakes, over salty fries, because it's Thursday night
and there are things to do in just some hours, but companionship
is everywhere. Gleaming clothes and faces—
the way we survive is by being witnessed
by the buildings, the cars, the pools of syrup, by each other.
My sister and I, stranded by a brick wall after a milestone
birthday and a year of funerals—and there is nothing left to do but be
painted by the warm hues of streetlights, to sing love songs
and feel them in our bones.
—On the walk to the car, golden laughter echoes through
a parking garage; on the drive home, cheeks puffed out and eyes shut,
golden laughter exploding through a series of tunnels—
Is it ridiculous to have made it this far and still be believers?
To still hold out for something to come from our madness? Everything
we do, everywhere we go is about love, relentless love, somehow—
Women with time and vintage jackets and soda cans,
holding out for these gigantic lives, these big stars
Fizzing—glimmering in the face of grief, who we know
washes away into the sun—Where do we possibly go from here,
beautiful here?

- Nailea Salazar



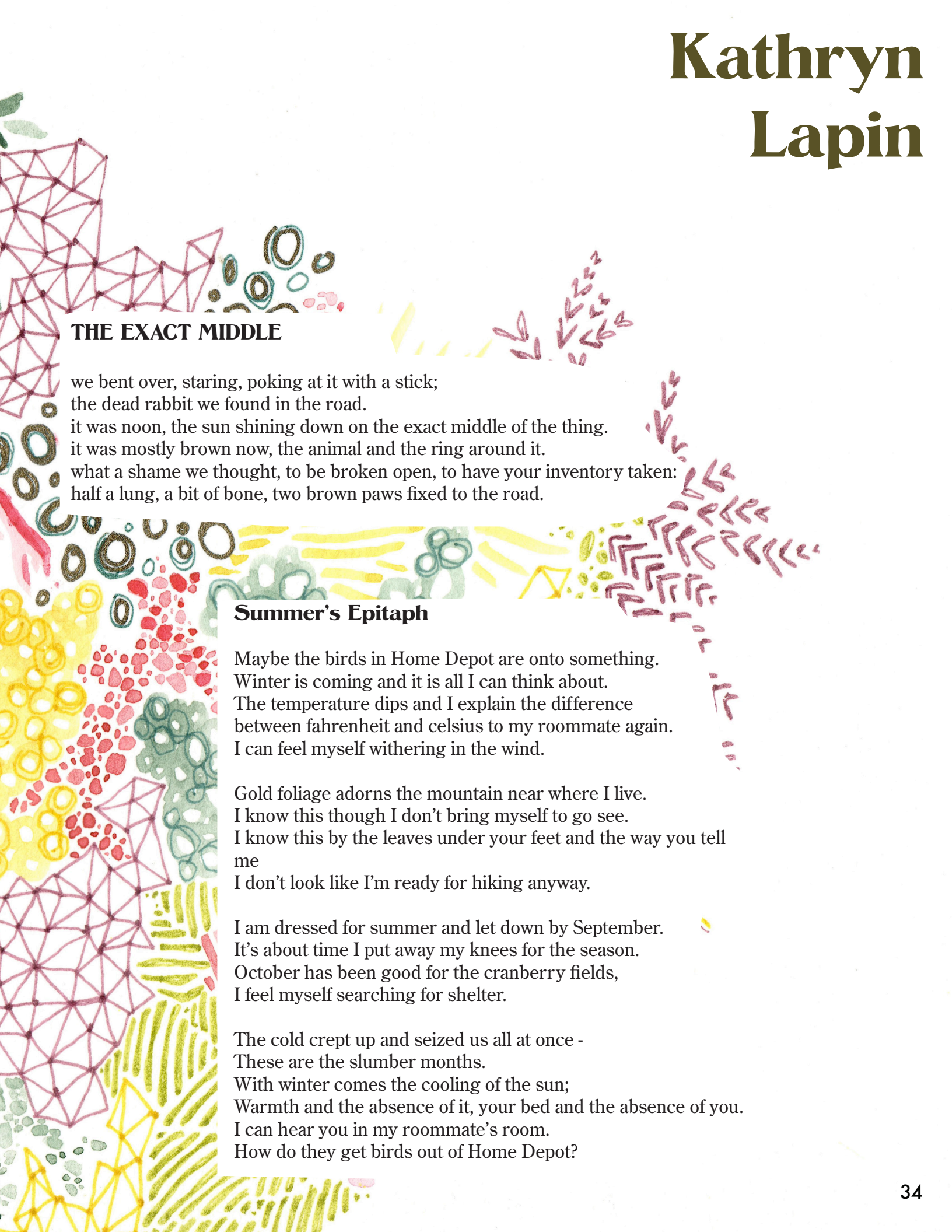
CUNICULUS CUNNILINGUS

i invite you over to my warren. it is dusk and everyone has gone out for food. i give you a tour. you get confused by the winding of the tunnels. i show you my favourite spots. this is the burrow where we eat, this is the one where we sleep, where we watch prime time tv, where we meet for chess club, where we fuck, where the bullies beat smaller rabbits up. i show you my childhood burrow - a fox used to live here you know. you shiver at the mention. you can still see some of my mother's chest fur and posters of the bands i used to like. i blush, embarrassed. i take you back to the burrow where we fuck. you're weirded out. i say come on, everybody does it. you're still thinking about the fox. you ask me to take you back, to my childhood burrow. i say sure, but i'm not fucking you in there. you put your nose to the warm dirt. i thought you said the fox didn't live here anymore. i roll my eyes. sometimes the fox comes back.

bird signs

i couldn't sleep
i was up late googling what do birds mean
what do hawks mean
i saw a hawk on the highway
i saw three hawks circling and one hawk perched
what does it mean when a hawk looks at you
it was sitting there like it was waiting for me
it wanted me to notice it
eye contact with hawk
what does eye contact with birds mean
looking at birds
bird numbers
bird signs
how many birds is bad luck
is a bird on the highway bad luck
is three hawks circling bad luck
when will the DVP reopen

Kathryn Lapin



THE EXACT MIDDLE

we bent over, staring, poking at it with a stick;
the dead rabbit we found in the road.
it was noon, the sun shining down on the exact middle of the thing.
it was mostly brown now, the animal and the ring around it.
what a shame we thought, to be broken open, to have your inventory taken:
half a lung, a bit of bone, two brown paws fixed to the road.

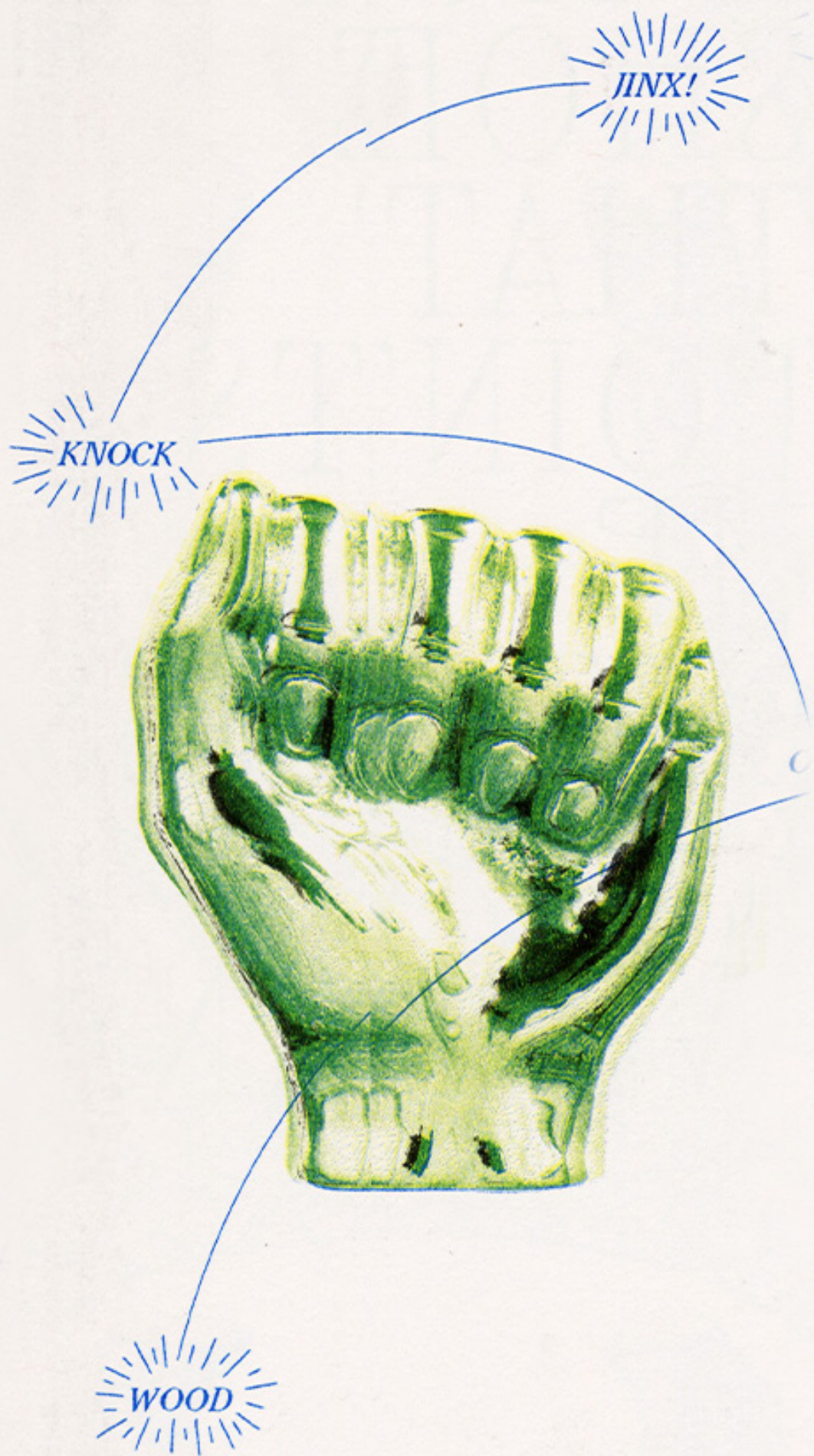
Summer's Epitaph

Maybe the birds in Home Depot are onto something.
Winter is coming and it is all I can think about.
The temperature dips and I explain the difference
between fahrenheit and celsius to my roommate again.
I can feel myself withering in the wind.

Gold foliage adorns the mountain near where I live.
I know this though I don't bring myself to go see.
I know this by the leaves under your feet and the way you tell
me
I don't look like I'm ready for hiking anyway.

I am dressed for summer and let down by September.
It's about time I put away my knees for the season.
October has been good for the cranberry fields,
I feel myself searching for shelter.

The cold crept up and seized us all at once -
These are the slumber months.
With winter comes the cooling of the sun;
Warmth and the absence of it, your bed and the absence of you.
I can hear you in my roommate's room.
How do they get birds out of Home Depot?



YOU ARE BOUND TO GET A LETTER IF:

1. A MOTH FLIES TOWARD YOU
2. A BRIGHT SPARK SHOOTS UP FROM A NEARBY CANDLE
3. YOU SEE WHITE SPOTS ON YOUR FINGERNAIL
4. YOUR LEFT HAND ITCHES
5. A SPIDER AT THE END OF ITS THREAD APPEARS BEFORE YOU

AND REMEMBER:

NEVER BURN A LETTER, UNLESS YOU WISH TO DESTROY THE LOVE.

TWO MIRRORS THAT FACE EACH OTHER TO A DIMENSION IN FORM A PORTAL

A HORSE-SHOE THAT POINTS UP CATCHES LUCK WITHIN.*

*A horseshoe that points down lets luck flow into one's home.

WHEN A LADDER LEANS AGAINST A WALL, IT FORMS A TRIANGLE. SYMBOLIC OF THE TRINITY.

IT IS BAD FORTUNE TO PASS THROUGH THIS SACRED ARCH.

Wearing red during a storm can attract lightning.



CROSS YOUR FINGERS FOR GOOD LUCK.

Best of ³⁷



VISIONS IN THE DARK

MEMOIRS OF A
CINE-SOMNAMBULIST.

JAMES KOLA KOWSKI

In my experience, I've found that the best environment for going to sleep has been—and others might agree—in the dark. This also happens to be the time-tested ideal atmosphere for movie-watching. Both states require immobility, calling for a comfortable spot for the body to rest while the mind is freed to roam. So really, watching a movie is just dreaming with one's eyes open.

By now I think I'm qualified to claim that I've seen a lot of movies, and with many I remember the act of watching better than what I watched. I've already abandoned the pious struggle for critical objectivity. (Consider the very notion of someone summarizing 'Rashômon'.) Of course there are dangers to sliding into aesthetic solipsism, but a surprising pleasure can be derived from hyper-subjective movie-watching: dozing off.

I know at least three people who need the TV to be left on for them to fall asleep, but that's not what I'm talking about, the cine-soporific. My interest is in a phenomenon that can't be controlled: that of cine-somnambulism.

I recall my first time watching '8½'. I couldn't resist the oncome of sleepiness. The odds were against me: it's well over two hours and celebrately oneiric. The young man staying up past midnight on a school night was sure to conk out. I'm guessing that we all have, especially in the epoch where TVs fret over if you've passed out. And yet something about my Fellinified snooze was different, transcendent.

By force of will, and out of pretentious obstinance, I tried my best to stay awake, tearing myself from rest when I'd notice with fleeting lucidity that I had succumbed. As a result, I reëmerged the next morning recalling a fragmented, gauzy, totally incoherent refraction of the previous night's spectacle, all interwoven with patchy interludes performed by my cryptic, wayward unconscious. It's not that I

couldn't remember—I actually had a very clear recollection. But the things I remembered—were they movie or dream?

A vexing attribute of '8½', the subject of much misguided analysis, is the ambiguity as to what the protagonist, Guido, imagined and what he experienced. For me, that next morning, this question was two-, maybe threefold. Born of the obscurant mists of sleep was a conflict between Guido's fictional life, Fellini's fictive vision, and my own fictitious memories. Trying to sift out the thoughts and fantasies that were mine, a semi-cognizant viewer, led to a real headfuck. It was the deepest I had ever contemplated a movie because it was the deepest I had ever fallen into one.

The highest praise attainable to a lullaby or bedtime story also doubles as boilerplate invective against a boring movie: "It put me to sleep." The gift of slumber—already a devalued practice—is spoken of as if it's a punishment dished out by dull or dry or doltish films. It was framed differently by Abbas Kiarostami, whose unbroken thirty-six-second shot of a can rolling down a street changed how I edit movies and, consequently, how I look at the world. I took him seriously when he said, "Some films have made me doze off in the theater, but the same films have made me stay up at night, wake up thinking about them in the morning, and keep on thinking about them for weeks."

I probably won't fall asleep watching Cassavetes' stuff, or during something like 'After Hours', or a Kurosawa

samurai epic. Blaxploitation like 'Shaft' and 'Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song', arty crowd-pleasers like 'Royal Tenenbaums' or 'Dazed & Confused', melodrama masterworks from Sirk to Fassbinder, plus troves of canonized Camp and pre-Code carouses—these types of movies can screw me down, string me out, shut me up, stop my heart, split my gut, but they won't leave me hollow when they're through. They stick with me for the same reasons the snoozers by Ozu, Tsai, Akerman, and Antonioni do, not for their intensity alone.

Films that don't stick with me tend to be the ones intent on achieving nothing more. This includes:

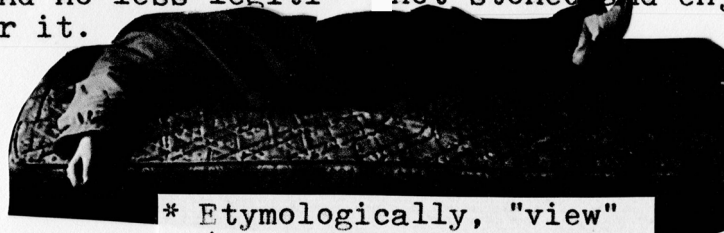
- U.S. propagandist superhero movies
- Sexlessly macho action films
- Edgy comedies, too aggro to have a sense of humor
- Onanistic revenge thrillers (viz. the ones w/ white female protags & white male screenwriters)
- Phallocentric horror flicks, their creativity limited to the amount of new ways they find for torturing and dismembering women
- Queer dramas made for straight audiences
- Quentin Tarantino impersonators (which includes Quentin Tarantino)

- Manufactured Camp: flamboyant w/o personality, garish w/o imagination, tastelessness made flavorless, & more desperate for LGBTQ approval than some cis-het allies

These movies keep me awake the same way a loudly buzzing refrigerator might. "To bore", I'll add pedantically, means to drill through something, such as a plank of wood, or my eye sockets. Chantal Akerman's epic of drudgery 'Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles' will not bore me; Baz Luhrmann's concussive 'Moulin Rouge' does.

For a viewer to leave the film on as eyelids grow heavy is not passivity. With eyes shut, the interplay between soundscapes, scores, Foley, ambience, and dialogue is more than enough to stir a mind made vulnerable by sleep. Like the alarm clock worked into the dream of a stubborn sleeper, this sightless sound becomes a lingering artifact of the external world, manipulating and manipulated by the dreamer. To the extent that the perceiver* is still aesthetically interacting with the film in a meaningful way—even unconsciously—I would go so far as to say that sleeping during a film is the movie-going experience taken to extreme abstraction, and no less legitimate for it.

Movies have been conceived, enjoyed, even studied whilst high since the Silent Era. Opium played a catalyzing role in the Surrealist movement, likely an easier model for their dreamlogic than dreams themselves. David Bowie, touring in 1976 at the height of his coked out Thin White Duke episode, screened Buñuel's 'Un Chien Andalou' each night before performing. Hippies were sitting through the first two hours of '2001' so they could drop acid for the stargate sequence. Midnight movie screenings of 'Eraserhead', 'Repo Man', and 'Pink Flamingos' might've made good money and saved everyone a lot of trouble by selling doobies at concessions. There's also the very nature of drinking games, the one and only form of extratextual motion picture analysis that could get your stomach pumped. Lastly, name me one person who watched 'Fantastic Planet' not stoned and enjoyed it.



* Etymologically, "view" (derived from the Anglo-Norman French "veoir") implies sight; "watch" comes from the Old English "wæccende", literally "remaining awake".

JAMES

KOLAKOWSKI



Great lengths have been gone to watch movies in altered states, yet the Jungian pleasure of sound and image confronted by an emergent unconscious isn't thought of in the same light. Granted, substances are a controlled variable for film-goers under the influence. A lack of control would be what disqualifies drowsiness from the discourse, and it is necessarily asocial—self-reflexive—in nature. Still, over zooting and boozing, it's spasmodic snoozing that's most potently introspective, and there's value in that.

I swear on my life that I'm fun at parties.

The rising tide of nocturnal languor. Think of it not as a physiological signal to forgo the flick, but as an invitation for a different part of you to keep watching. It can be like pulling back the silver screen and projecting the film into a chamber of mirrors.

This past semester, at the end of my tenure pretending to study in Paris, I saw Tarkovsky's 'Mirror' at a tiny independent cinema in the Latin Quarter. I'll tell you that one of the most alluring places in Paris one is advised never to sleep, second only to the rock-a-bye métro past midnight, is the unventilated art-house. Tarkovsky's dream memoir lulled me to sleep like no other.

That's the reason I share an intense relationship with 'Mirror', a relationship as deep and esoteric as its maker: it's because I've fallen asleep during it more times than I've seen it in full. Cinema has a profound capability for emulating dreams, and Tarkovsky, as few others have, surpassed mere emulation: he filmed a dream. Its look, its chronology, its syntax, its logic, its allusive/illusive/elusive meanings, its emotion—it's all there. A viewer might remember the film as though it was their own dream.

At the end of the Paris screening, when I awoke (though that's hardly the word for it), I was even more disoriented than I'd normally be, had I dozed off in my own bed and also not in a foreign country. My conscious and unconscious were waging a copyright dispute over my fresh recollection of the film, the Honorable Judge A. Tarkovsky presiding. Having surrendered completely, I fell into the film such that I accepted it as a reality truer than my own, the reality that had me sitting in a weird chair in a dark basement in front of a bright wall. Everything was steeped in the scintillating, reflective shards of his mirror.



Gathering my things, leaving some time around midnight, I was so entranced that I did the only thing that felt natural and went to sleep on the métro ride home.

As thrilling as they can be, these recreational spirals into epistemic confusion can occasionally prove to be devilishly frightening. I went to a near-midnight séance with friends about a month prior. It was David Lynch's 'Lost Highway', which none of us had seen. I'd been to this theater, but it was my first time in its charmingly dingy subterranean screening room. An unfamiliar chamber in a familiar place—in a word, Lynchian. (This is where I'd see 'Mirror' weeks later.)

The print they were projecting was grungy and grainy, almost jaundiced it seemed—looking tangibly Lynchian. This was just the right atmosphere for skirting the foggy edges of sleep, and the unsettlingly

comfortable seats at this place were tempting. After it ended, the question emerged—the question that always tails movies slept through: what was movie, what was id? But this quandary had been warped, brought to the uncanny brink of a positively Lynchian psychic terror: I did not know, and still do not know, if I ever fell asleep at all. ■

ISABELLE EVANS

A SAGA IN 8 PARTS

Part 1: Water comes, as infrequent drips at first, from the very slowly draining bathtub down through the living room ceiling. What starts as a one-bucket problem is soon a large, questionably brownish stain on the ceiling and a light indoor drizzle which only ends some hours later when the tub is finally empty.

Part 2: With the water under the bath presumably flooding their home, a small family of mice becomes evident in the flat for the first time. Someone remarks wryly that a small number of rodents rarely remains a small number.

Part 3: The house party we'd arranged in our flat is not called off. The ceiling is cleaned, the plumbing botched but ostensibly watertight, and the guests none the wiser. This is the evening the mice decide it's time to make a pilgrimage across the living room and into the kitchen. The slowest of their number finds himself trapped in some Tupperware, lifted briskly away from his brethren and released no more than 200 metres away from the building in some grass. Disorientating, no doubt, but no harm done.

Part 4: We purchase one of those slightly questionable devices which supposedly make a sound high enough to be inaudible to humans, but deeply irritating for small rodents. It's plugged in above the washing machine and switched on overnight. What we hope to find in the morning is the absence of tiny poops on the kitchen worktops. What we find instead is that in a show of abject malice, the audacious little buggers have taken a communal dump on the shiny white surface of the device. Little black-brown turds everywhere. Rats.

Part 5: In order to finally handle mouse-gate 2k16 we resolve to put down traps like sensible, heartless adults do. A man comes over to set the traps and reveals himself to be petrified of the scurrys little creatures when one of them briefly pops out to see what all the fuss is about. The man's squeal is so unexpected and high pitched that we all look around in confusion for a moment.

Part 6: There is an important debate. Cadbury mini-rolls or mature cheddar? Cheese is a classic, but damned over-priced. Mini-rolls seem a bit indulgent and only come in multi-packs. But should either of those things really be a concern? After all, if they manage to get a bite in time, we're talking about the final meal.

Part 7: In the middle of the night the aggravating sound of tiny paws starts up once again, scrambling cautiously around on the faux-wooden floor of the living room. The insistent sound intensifies a little before being abruptly interrupted (with some finality) by a deadening THWACK. Non-rodent residents of the flat roll over in bed and go back to sleep, smiles of sadistic contentment on their faces.

Part 8: It's only in hindsight that we realise there may have been a debate to be had about lethal vs humane traps. But even the vegetarian of the house can't bring herself to argue with the results, so the issue is swept under the rug, along, no doubt, with a liberal scattering of old, dry mouse poops.



I SAW AN
ANGEL
BY ALEXIS JONES 42



on muscle *memory*

here i am wicked wild strange and bitter i look for their face everywhere

bloody bathroom floor snow in the garden and

ink-stains in my sheets and hummingbird bones in the lunchmeat

sucking on a split lip mothering my small insignificant sadnesses. hearing of evil and bending over backwards for it i don't know how to talk about the pauses and how everything is so tiresome

backseat of the car/ afterparty/ love sitting on

her shoulder/ wet shirt dry gloves broken tooth black lungs running down the hall

and there's the church bell and the rattle of the pillbox and the bathroom floor again and everything again

i forget to eat and it's on purpose and i don't care. i don't know enough words to be a writer and then she says she's the worst and then i like it that way and then i paint my face and take the bus and leave my hands at home and i never blink not even once not even when the light is in my eyes and the strings give out. cup after cup and the snow in the garden but with a bit of god in it this time. i love you i hope you know i hope you remember. sounds everywhere and they break me but i try not to show it i try not to talk about that. i talk to her and it's just the cracks in the sidewalk it's just white noise green noise a death wish by a swing set. linen closet confessional. i have a lot of ways of telling this story everyone knows it i hope you don't. i sleep so much i just want to look at you. i love you i hope you remember.

- *Sointu Pesola*

I.

when I was a writer
I did not need a body
only a hand and a mind—
to bear the fruit
of my brain
my heart

when I was a writer (and a lover)
I thought hate was a form of consumption total—
incisors masticating marrow,
tongues lapping at saccharine juices
I thought anger was all this (and more)

except that rage is me

I see that now

I am not the peach
but the hard dark pit inside—

II.

take a razor blade
to my bumpy, blemished flesh
peel me like you would an
orange a fingernail eased under
one layer
of skin after another—

when my tender insides
are all that is left
undiscarded
please consider carving

my carpels
before you mash me
into pulp

IN THE GARDEN

III.

from our separate
places we see the same
sun

she shines down,
bathes you in monarch
butterfly light— the time of day
known as the golden hour
because you have
never

(never)

looked more angelic—
flowering, yielding
pubescent—

he bears down,
 broils me in
blistering bloody blaze—
cracked clay
known as the impotent
epoch because I will never

(never)

leave a legacy—
desolating, despoiling
senescent—

IV.

pillbugs plod
up the slope of your jaw—
they enter your eye
sockets to lobotomize
by forcing you to scratch
 the itch
of all the insectoid memories you
want to forget—

V.

earthworms inch inside your ear
canals cockroaches clatter across
your thick sandpaper tongue—
still, it is better than
the grabbing hands of greedy men

decompose, my darling
so we can dance again—
breasts pressed together
caterpillars coiled in the same cocoon
transing, transient
metamorphosizing



ANURA

JASON JAWANDO

And that was when he told me he was 450-years old, which made me laugh of course because you would, but his face – I mean, it always looked like alabaster – was even paler than usual, and he took another swig from the bottle of what I thought was red-grape juice, and outside the window the wind howled down Clarence Street, channelled by the tall buildings on either side, and pushed an empty can along the pavement so that it rattled like a dying buzzard.

‘I’d have put you in your mid-forties,’ I said. It wasn’t true.

He smiled. Outside, the wind dropped, and sunlight reflected off the building opposite. ‘My darling,’ he said, ‘you flatter an old man, which is lovely, but it won’t help us deal with the situation.’

The desk I was sitting on creaked again, and one of the frogs hopped away. Immediately in front of me there was enough floorspace if I needed to get off the desk before it collapsed, but if I got off, there’d be nothing to stop them.

I tried to stand, but the desk wobbled as I moved, and my stomach jolted. The frogs nearest to me stared, waiting for the desk, or me, to fall.

‘You’ll be the same age as me, one day,’ Dirk said. ‘If you’re as old as you say you are, that’s unlikely.’

There were frogs as far as I could see, but from this position that was only about a tenth of the office space. We could have been in a lagoon or an ocean, but without standing on the desk I wouldn’t be able to see far enough to assess the situation.

‘First the frogs come, and you don’t know why,’ Dirk said. ‘Then you get a bit more experienced in the world, and you notice patterns. You work things out. I do this, the frogs come. So, I stop doing it. But then

you get older, and the frogs haven’t been for a long time, and you think that perhaps it wasn’t that thing you did, but perhaps it’s best not to do it anyway. And then the frogs come back, and it’s been so long you can’t remember what it was that made them come, so you can’t stop doing it.’

‘Right now,’ I said, ‘I just need you to remember what it was you did to make them go.’

‘They go by themselves,’ he said, ‘after about a month. At least, I think it was a month. Time seems very different these days.’

I shifted my weight again. I was on my haunches now. The desk wobbled, but if I was careful, I could straighten, stand, and get a better view of the problem.

‘So, you spent your youth being followed by thousands of frogs for a month at a time?’ I asked.

He sighed. ‘There might not have been as many of them in those days.’

The desk held as I stood, although I couldn’t see much more. There were other desks blocking the view. ‘We can’t stay here all weekend,’ I said.

‘Lucy, I’ve already told you if there are any problems with management, I’ll take the blame.’

‘That could be very big of you,’ I said, ‘although it is actually your fault.’

I crouched again. The desk creaked and wobbled beneath me. The frogs nearest to me licked their lips, eyes bulging with greed. I sat on the edge of the desk, and a few of the frogs hopped a little closer. My chair was a yard away. It had spun away from me when I jumped onto the desk after the first frogs had started jumping out of Dirk’s boots. If I stuck out my leg, I could drag the chair close enough to get on, and perhaps propel myself

through the sea of frogs to the door. The desk wobbled as I stretched, and the frogs began to hop in excitement. I got my foot onto the chair, but I needed to shift my weight if I was going to drag it towards me. The frogs moved closer to the chair. One hopped, not quite high enough to get onto the seat but too high for comfort.

‘Why don’t they surround you?’ I asked Dirk.

‘The chair won’t work,’ he said. ‘They’ll get ahead of you, slow it down until it stops, and then surround you.’ The area around his desk was almost empty now, and there were no more coming from his boots.

‘Have you seen that happen before?’ I asked.

‘They’re only looking at you because you’re trying to escape,’ he said. ‘Ignore them and they’ll lose interest after a day or two.’

‘So, whatever, I’m here till Monday morning,’ I said.

My weight was suspended now between the chair and the desk. I needed to pull the chair towards me, if only so that I could balance properly. As I shifted my weight again, the desk gave a final crack ...

‘I’m an old man,’ he said, ‘not really cut out for office work. If they sack me, they’ll be doing me a favour.’

... and collapsed beneath me.

My body waited for a moment, unsure what to do, and as I began to fall, slowly at first then accelerating, not quite catching the desk that was falling below me, the frogs at the front recoiled, while their colleagues behind pushed forwards to get a better look, frog piling on frog, building a tsunami, ready to surge.

Manifest-Oh

by Lucia Gallipoli

I am not existential dread at the airport
or wishing they would throw me into the fire
where I assume they threw my checked bag,
I am assimilating into the canon of The Other Girls,
I am being myself which is easy,
I am content with being content,
I am not worried about feeling the complete depth
of an emotion before cycling to its opposite,
I am grateful for the present and not romanticizing
my depressive gap year just because
it was very notably full of Feelings and
I am certainly not longing for it
because I know its ending in hindsight,
I am releasing grudges along with my unclenching jaw,
I am not getting angry at people who are
letting themselves eat a cheeseburger
even though I won't let myself do the same,
I am optimizing only my happiness,
I am pure bliss at having graduated college
with no further deadlines on the horizon,
I am proper lumbar alignment,
I am humanly awful and but not glaringly so,
I am not a Saturday-induced superiority complex,
I am not nostalgic for my resolved anxieties.
I am, simply, tying up this poem organically.

*targeted messages from beyond the pale

aries

[loosen your grip.](#)

[you're shaking the table.](#)

[everyone already left](#)

libra

[ask your doctor if](#)

[admitting you have a serious problem](#)

[is right for you](#)



taurus

[your email passwords are not private.](#)

[they are really funny](#)

scorpio

[your enemies](#)

[and one](#)

[friend](#)

[are looking at your profile](#)

[right now](#)

System message

[practice](#) [prophecy](#) [and](#) [delusion](#)

[graduate in](#) [terror](#)

gemini

Ok

Cancel

[please hurry!](#)

[eat all the](#) [fruit](#)

[you bought](#) [before it goes!](#)

sag

System message

cancer

[top three things that have](#)

[crawled in your ears](#) [while you sleep!](#)

[click here](#)

OK

[thin hammered gold garnet inlay and](#)

[three small crystals worn](#) [around her](#)

[neck. beware ancient curse](#)

leo

GET 40% OFF

CONGRATULATIONS!

☆☆☆

capricorn

[you](#) [discovered](#) [life's truth!](#)

[rapidly switch](#) [between](#) [celebration and](#) [despair](#)



aqua

[my mom is calling your mom](#)

[can you let her know?](#) ??????

CLICK
HERE!

☆☆☆☆

pisces

[buy a laser pointer and](#) [use it to](#)

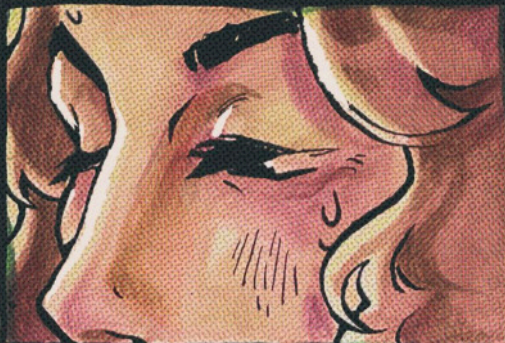
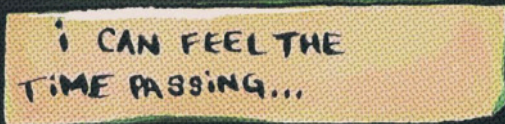
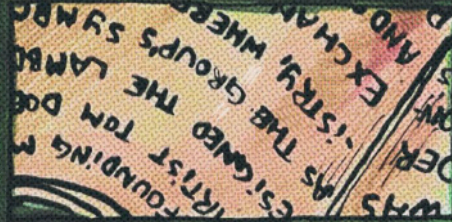
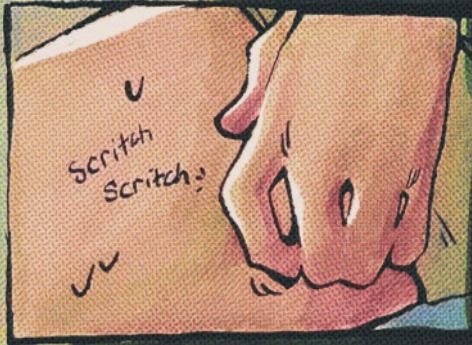
[blind people](#)

[from up on your high horse](#)

[data scientists say](#)

[people who network too much are](#) [hard to be around](#)

virgo



"Late May" - Paige Toglia

Alexis Jones is an 18 year old artist currently residing just outside of Kansas City, Missouri. She specializes in portraiture and character art, working with both realism and cartoon styles of drawing. She values emotional expression and storytelling in her art, and aims to create work that can resonate with anyone who seeks to understand it. Her piece was inspired by the 'Puzzle' music video 'I Saw An Angel'.

Sointu Pesola is an 18-year-old writer and visual artist from Tampere, Finland. Their work largely focuses on gender identity and the queer experience. They have previously been published in CURA Magazine for Fordham University.
Instagram: @sanoilla

Naomi B is a history student and waitress who likes journaling, Pavement, and taking everything far too seriously. She's Glasgow, Scotland's most angelic cultural and literary critic.
Instagram: @nonaomiinview

Lucia Gallipoli (she/her) is some girl in a *really* big apple. She is probably lost somewhere in the cycle of worshipping Kate Bush and Fiona Apple via Spotify and forgetting that they exist.
Twitter: @HottieDearest
Instagram: @HottieDearest

Tegan Beswick is a 21 year old photographer living in Melbourne. Her main interests of work include portraits and fashion photography!
Instagram: @twilightluvr101 , @tegan.skye

Sal M. is a gay, transsexual writer whose work mainly centers on his experiences growing up as Latino, queer youth in a conservative area, though he truly writes whatever he wants.
Instagram: @leering08

T.R. San (they/them) is a transsexual poet based in Yangon.
Twitter: @trsanpoet

Shivani is a poet from Bhopal, India. Most of her poems are love poems for her friends, food, or the act of eating food with said friends. Her poems have previously appeared in Mayhem Literary Journal (New Zealand).
Twitter: @shivanixagr
Instagram: @shivanixagrawal

Emory O'Malley (he/him) is a trans writer and poet. He graduated from Rollins College with a BA in December 2021. He was a runner-up of the 2019 Stony Brook Short Fiction Prize. Prior to coming out, he co-authored two articles on race in television with Dr. Paul Reich, both of which were published in Popular Culture Review. His current writing projects explore queerness and masculinity.

Matthew Green's writing has appeared in Sledgehammer Lit, Boats Against the Current, and CP Quarterly. He lives in the northern suburbs of Brisbane, Australia.
Twitter: @matthew_green98

Afton Lin is an illustrator, filmmaker, model, and overall creative who's located in KCMO. She is currently pursuing her BFA at the Kansas City Art Institute. She loves fantastical stories, whimsical illustrations, and A24 movies.
Twitter: @affylin
Instagram: @affydraws and @afton.lin

Baylee Bulick is a nineteen year old writer from California. She can usually be found cutting and gluing various pieces of paper to bigger pieces of paper or bothering her cat, Jason.
Tumblr: @lamp2003
Instagram: @discofsorrow

Jimmy Kolakowski
Essay

Julia Yujie Deng (she/her) finds herself growing grim about the mouth and pausing before coffin warehouses when it's been too long since she talked about Moby-Dick.
Instagram: @thingsivemade_jyd

Isabelle Evans is a writer and researcher from Wales living in London. She writes a mix of poetry and short stories, and really hates mice. Writing has been a long-time hobby of hers, but she's relatively new to having other people actually read what she's written, so be nice, and enjoy.
Twitter: @PoemsByIsEvans
Instagram: @iz_evans

Jonah Paz is a New England-based filmmaker. He is also a writer and musician. He has released one film which is called Oat Boy, as well as six albums

of original music. A lot of his work revolves around memory and detachment. Come Fall 2022 he will be in college. This is his birthday: July 27th 2005. Here is his website: jonahpaz.com
Here is his Instagram: @bby_mama_doppelganger_accident

Ken Lomont is a New York based artist who focuses on multimedia collage, modeling, jewelry design, writing and creative directing. She's inspired by giving found objects new life and the distortion of accepted archetypes.
Instagram: @kenlomont

ru.th is a 23-year-old student from Germany, currently living in Estonia as part of their studies in political science. They have been writing since their early teens, both in German and English. More of their work can be found on their Instagram @lessdepth and their Tumblr at lessdepth.tumblr.com.

JZ Sampson is a 19-year-old artist living on Treaty 6 territory. She is currently studying fine arts at the University of Alberta. She is an avid tea drinker, notorious fast walker, and aspiring polymath. Her dog is her muse.
Instagram: @jzs.art

A.R. Vaive (any pronouns) is a 21-year-old American writer, currently living in the mountains of Pennsylvania and hailing from the great state of Michigan. They've been published in The Voidspace and are working on their debut novel. They are an avid horror fan who can usually be found drawing, taking care of their pets, or imagining Sisyphus happy.
Twitter: @arVaive

Natalie Patane is a graphic designer and small-scale print artist based in New York City. She gathers much of her inspiration from past eras and aesthetics, creating fresh pieces that range from retro and playful to archaic and ethereal. See more of Natalie's work at @natnatnatnaat on Instagram and nataliepatane.com.

Nailea Salazar is a Guatemalan-American writer from California whose work has appeared in Rejection Letters. She believes that God is stored inside Meg Ryan movies. You can find her on Twitter @girlinthealps.
Twitter: @girlinthealps

Paige Toggia is an illustrator who works in traditional and digital media. They plan on pursuing storytelling as an eventual career and find the ability to tell stories through art fascinating.
Twitter: @firefly_pdf
Instagram: @firefly.pdf

Katie Coxall is a 21 year old art history student from Hertfordshire, England. Her work has been featured in publications such as SNACK, Obelisk and So-Fi.
Twitter: @k4tiebb
Instagram: @kt.coxall

Fatima Arif (She/Her) is an 18-year-old Pakistani creative, who mostly draws inspiration from SOV horror movies, sci-fi suburbia and riot-grrrl's of colour.
Twitter: @ayeshalookaway
Instagram: @arifbinarifbinarif

Lauren Sklarz lives in Connecticut and goes to school in Chicago. She enjoys writing prose, poetry, screenplays, and comedy. Besides writing, she enjoys reading, playing guitar, and watching mob movies.

Jason Jawando writes prose and drama. He has published stories in 'Confluence', 'Under the Radar' and 'The Blue Nib' magazines, among others.
Twitter: @JasonDJ

nat
Yellowstone, Cats with Complicated Feelings

Clémence Agenet is a young aspiring filmmaker based in France. She is best known for her first short film 'L'invraisemblable larcin du bien aimé de Céline' that she made as a love letter to filmmaker Wes Anderson whose work has inspired her a lot during her years as a film student.
Twitter: @voxxlux
Instagram: @cl.em.ence

Kathryn Lapin is a student and writer living in Tiohtià:ke/Montréal. She will be graduating from Concordia University's Honours in English and Creative Writing program in 2023. She enjoys digging in the yard for worms and cutting them up into pieces.

Twitter: @kathryn_444

Riley Ramsay is an image and filmmaker based in Denver, Colorado. Her work deals with themes of nostalgia and personal anecdotes. Her process is to seek the extraordinary in the ordinary to create a more in-depth and personal look into everyday life. She utilizes alternative processes and archives to achieve a certain nostalgic appeal. Her films can be seen as experimental and challenge the boundaries of visuals and narration. She hopes her work inspires others to think deeply about the qualities of life that can otherwise be overlooked.

Judas is a transsexual butch lesbian creative from New London County. They study anthropology, collect CDs, and entertain the macabre. Sometimes.
Instagram: @iscariotblues

Fig DePaolo (he/him) is a trans poet and writer. He writes about nature, queerness, stories, interconnectedness, and gay kissing, among other things. He was born in 2005.
Instagram: @vegetablestews

magdalena is a multimedia artist currently found in the bay area working in collage, animation, words, and painting. right now she likes swimming, fish, blue glass, blue grass, <3 emoticon, textiles, and perfume
Instagram: @may.vier

Eva Zhao is a fashion design student studying in parsons school of design. She interned at angel chen and three as four.
Instagram: @eva___pilipala

Poppy Livingstone

Founder + Editor-in-Chief

Poppy Livingstone (any pronouns) is a 19-year-old artist, writer, and photographer based in Connecticut. Their work has been featured at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Westport, CT, and can be found in Scholastic News Magazine. They work as a freelance artist, writer, and ESL teacher. They will be attending Boston University next year. When they're not feverishly working on Mister Magazine (and other projects), you can find them playing Wii with her friends. You can find their work on Instagram @livspec and @popproxart.

Aliyah Knight

Editor-in-Chief

Aliyah Knight (they/she) is a 20-year-old Sydney

based writer & filmmaker currently studying for a BFA in Screen Production at AFTRS. Their shorts 'home bodies' and 'Goodbye Mr. Wilde' are set to be released later this year, and their poetry will soon appear in Travesties?! and Powders Press. When she isn't writing or onset, you can probably find her eating eggplant dumplings and rewatching Bridesmaids. She writes on aliyahs.substack.com and tweets at @a1iyahswrld.

Vy Nguyen

Photography + Film Editor

Vy Nguyen (she/her) is a 19-year-old filmmaker and a photographer. Besides working part-time, she is also full-time student who is working towards a degree in Film and Media Arts. Throughout the years, she has been awarded for her photography and has received recognition from VSCO. During her senior year of high school, she has led her school's Film Program as one their two Film Directors. Her film works have been accepted in the All American Film Festival and the Kansas City FilmFest International. In her spare time, she loves to write prose, read, and spend time with friends! You can find her work via @suburbancinema on Instagram.

Maurice King

Editor

Maurice King (they/he) is a writer, poet, stylist, and model currently studying art history & fashion at Fordham University in NYC. Much of their work draws from their life as a queer LGBT individual, mental health, philosophy, & religion. They enjoy wandering to nowhere in particular, writing letters, visiting museums, picking flowers, & dancing! Their instagram is @mauriceking_ & tumblr @mvvrris.

Henry Schwabe

Creative Director + Secretary

Henry is a young man.

Instagram: @hms_graphics

Mya Oldale

Editor

Mya Oldale (she/her) is a 19-year-old student, writer, and artist currently studying English Literature between Dublin and NYC. In her free time she enjoys reading, hiking, watching movies, and writing silly little poems in the margins of anything at hand.

